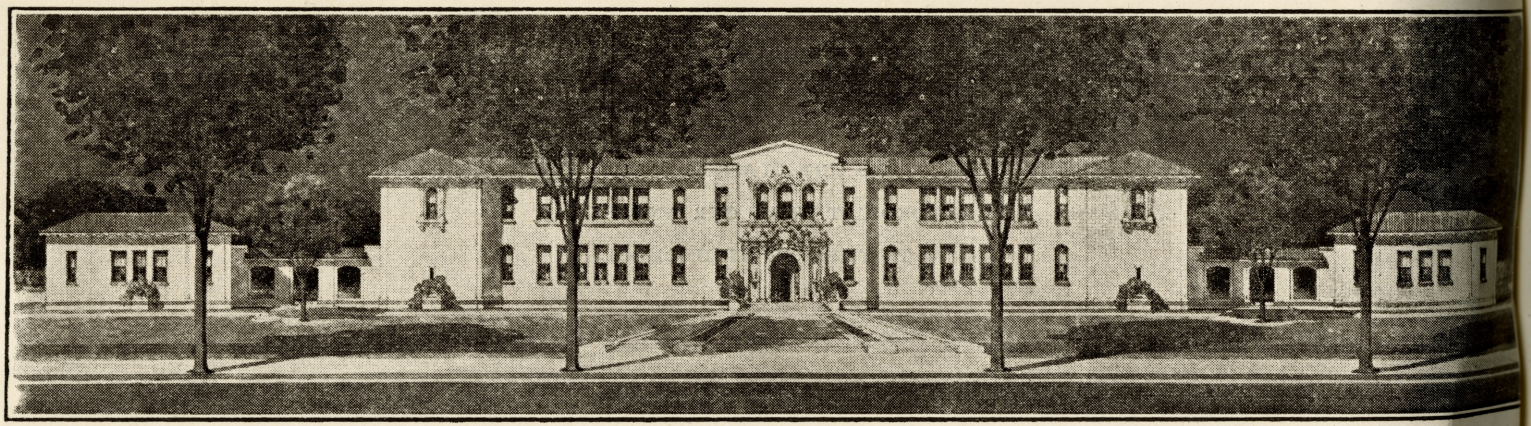
EL-PIÑON.

1920

WE THE CLASS OF 1920

DEDICATE THIS OUR ANNUAL

TO THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL



The New High School

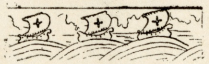
(Have even got it).

INCREASED enrollment and the increasing demands for modern equipment were two factors which led the Board of Education of the Bishop Union High School District to issue the call for a bond election for the fifteenth of October, 1919. The amount asked for was $150,000 for the purpose of building and equipping a high school building. That there was a popular demand for such a move was shown by the fact that the bonds carried by a vote of over nine to one.

The next step was the sale of the bonds. Through an unavodable delay the Board of Supervisors was unable to deliver the bonds on schedule time to the Portland bank which had agreed to buy them. The uncertainty of the bond market and the fact that it is illegal to sell these bonds below par value made it very difficult to find another buyer. Now, however, the Board of Education has advertised for bids with the understanding that the contractors are to be paid in bonds.

It proved hard to decide the location of the building. It has been practically decided to open Academy avenue and place the new building on what is now the athletic field. The Summers property will be bought to provide the necessary campus and athletic field.

According to the plans the main building is to contain a modern assembly room and gymnasium on the first floor, administration offices, various recitation rooms and the commercial department. When the plant is complete the smaller building on the left will be devoted to the science course, while the one on the right will be occupied by the domestic science department. In the rear there will be the agriculture and mechanics building. The entire construction will be of concrete and fireproof. The building is designed to accommodate 300 students. At the present time, owing to the increased cost of materials it is likely that the main building only will be built. The course of study will emphasize the vocational side of high school education as well as offering a strong college preparatory department.



Trustees Bishop Union High School

W. A. Cashbaugh, President

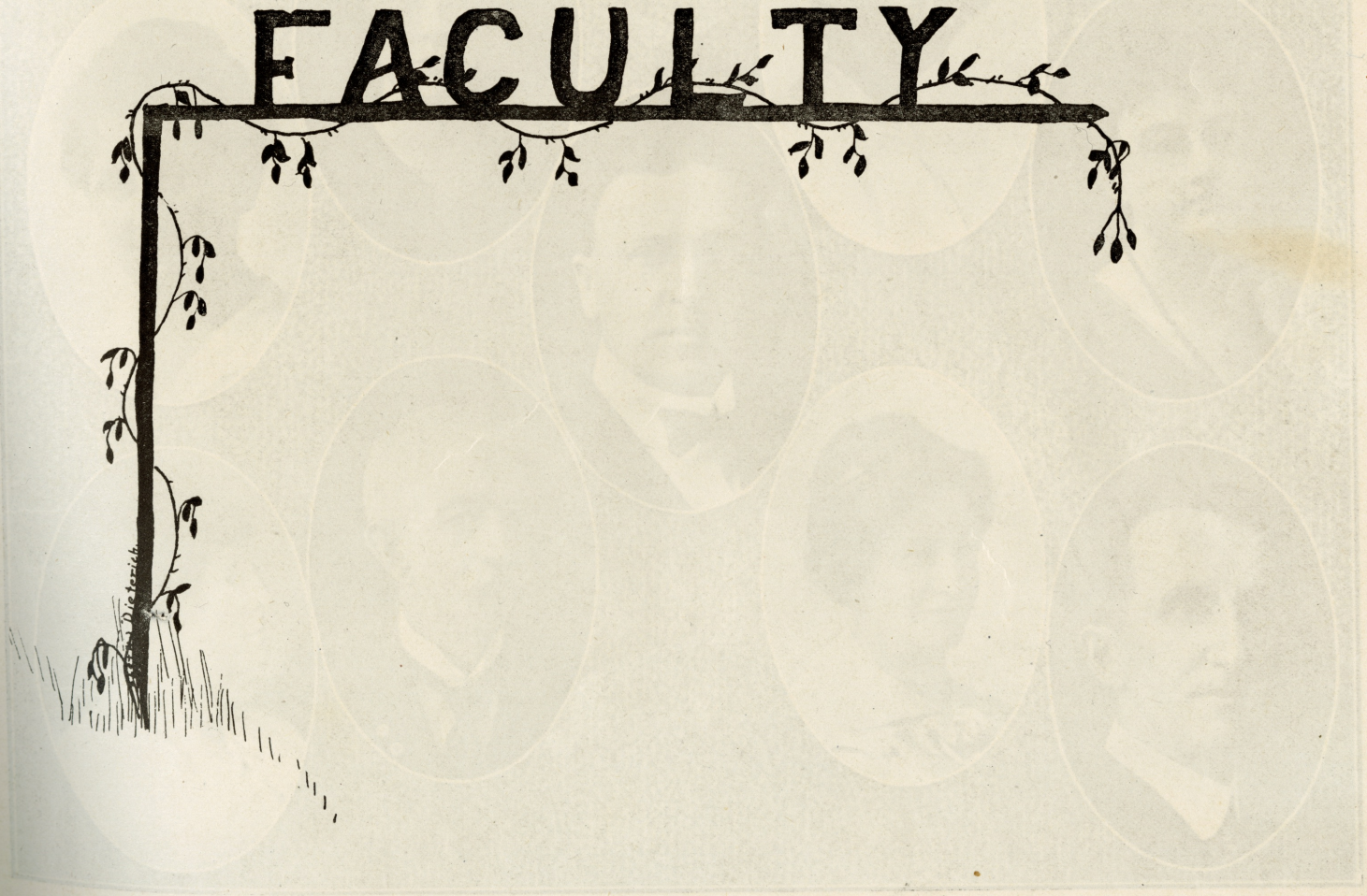
Mes. J. H. Stofflet, Secretary

Thomas Williams

P. P. Keough

L. E. Smith

FACULTY



LILLIAN B. ROUARK
English I, II
Drawing and Music

ROBERTA ALBERT
Mathematics

ETHEL L. BEAR
Vice Principal
English I, III, IV

OWENA CROW
History I. III, IV
Girls' Physical Training

L. A. MARQUAM
Principal
Advanced Algebra
Solid and Plane Geometry
Trigonometry
Boys' Physical Training

EMMA ROTH
Languages

J. STRINGFIELD
Commercial Department

ALTON L. HALL
Science
Agriculture

MRS. LYLA W. BAILEY
Domestic Science and Art

To Miss Lillian B. Rouark, who as our class teacher has so faithfully assisted and encouraged us during our last three years of school, we wish to express our appreciation and thanks.

SENIOR

RUSSELL BARRASS

"Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow nature has written gentleman."

EDITH SIMERAL

"For softness, she, and sweet attractive grace."

WILBUR BEDFORD

"I must be a very fascinating man; 'tis not my fault—the ladies must blame heaven."

ARTHUR PHELPS

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all content
like me?"

GERALDINE MOSER

"Rich in spirit and common sense."

HARRY GUPPY

"For he by geometric scale could
take the size of pots of ale;
and wisely tell what hour o'
the day the clock does
strike by Algebra."

JEROME WATTERSON

"An honest man's word is as good as his bond."

VELMA ALCORN

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

LAWRENCE LITTLE

"He served with glory and admired success."

MINNIE LEIDY

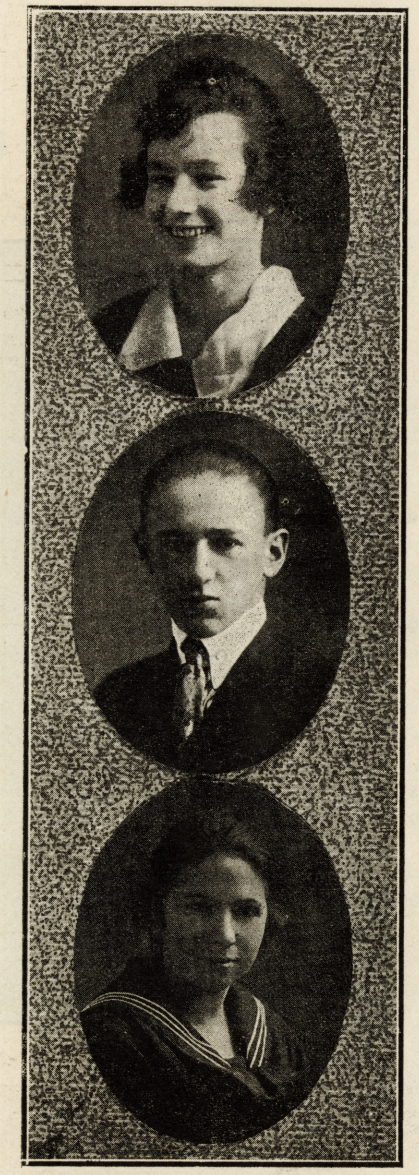
"She laughs with one eye and winks with the other."

GILLETTE BAILEY

"They go wild, simply wild, over me."

FLORENCE BOHN

"As merry as the day is long."



LUELLA WALLACE

"Brisk as the April buds in primrose season."

WILL DREW.

"His serious appearance is not at all suggestive of his drollery."

History of the Class of '20

AS I sat on the back seat of the assembly and idly gazed over the sparsely filled room, I thought of the nearness of the closing of school and that we, the class of nineteen-twenty, were approaching our freedom from high school and its life, which will always be remembered by a student who has completed his four years of hard but enjoyable work. Then my thoughts turned back to the time when we as a class entered school.

We were a large class and felt very proud of being called the larfgest class which had ever entered B. U. H. S. Green we were, yet proud; but our proudness was taken out of us after the Sophomores gave us one long-to-be-remembered initiation and reception.

Miss Tillotson was given us for a class teacher. At our first meeting we chose our class flower, the California poppy, and our colors, orange and black. We felt very happy when the principal remarked that we carried our business through according to parliamentary form, our actions along this line being due to the very capable leadership of our oldest member, and president, Arthur Chapman, who told the class and even the teacher what to do.

As Freshmen we did well, even making our mark in Athletics. Some of the upper classmen remarked that we had the bighead over our athletic marks.

As Sophomores we began to lose our playful spirit and settle down to hard, honest work. Some of our class, principally girls, who got tired of school, dropped out, but they have since wished that they were back with us, and we know when we graduate they will recall with regret their quitting school.

Our Sophomore year was the war year, 1917-1918. During it we did much for the Red Cross. All our parties were Red Cross parties where we knitted sweaters, socks, made pillows, and kept up the Red Cross work in general. That year Miss Rouark took the place of Miss Tillotson as our guardian angel.

In our third and junior year some of our class decided that we on the average were too slow for them, and that they would graduate with the class of '19. Howard Clark, one of our bright boys, was taken by the "flu." The class of '20 deeply regretted his death as he was admired by all. Glen Compton graduated in '19 although we had fully hoped to have him graduate with us. We gave the Seniors a big banquet at the Hotel Istalia, which was enjoyed by all of them.

When the school started this year, the class of '20 had fourteen members, but Gillette Bailey's joining the class brought the number up to fifteen.

The class officers for our last year in high school are Geraldine Moser, president; Lawrence Little, vice-president; Velma Alcorn, secretary; and Jerome Watterson, treasurer. This year has been successful in all ways but one, and that is, at the last minute we lost George Green, one of the members of our Senior class.

As school is closing, I think of our last days in B. U. H. S., and I wonder where we will be when these same seats are occupied by the Seniors of '21.

WILBUR BEDFORD, '20.

Class Will

WE, the Senior Class of 1920, of the Bishop Union High School, being of sound mind, do hereby make and publish this our last will and testament.

We, the Class of 1920, do bequeath our ability to ditch to the Junior class—no, they have a pretty good reputation for ditching already— to the Sophomore class.

I, Lawrence Little, do bequeath my freckles to Frank Millner (you'll not know then where his hair ends and his face begins).

I, Luella Wallace, do bequeath my ability to flirt to Viola Pierce. (Boys beware!)

I, Wilbur Bedford, do bequeath my ideas on prohibition to Ben Nance.

I, Florence Bohn, do bequeath my surplus flesh to Margaret Watterson.

I, Will Drew, do bequeath my love to talk to Bruce Clarke.

I, Geraldine Moser, do bequeath my good marks to Charlotte Williams. (She needs them.)

I, Arthur Phelps, do bequeath those numerous noises which are heard in the assembly to Lester Olds. (Goodness, pity the teachers!)

I, Harry Guppy, do bequeath my ability to ask questions to Dwight Cummins. (Questions kill time when you've been out the night before.)

I, Edith Simeral, do bequeath my popularity to Velma Ainslie.

I, Russell Barrass, do bequeath my bluffing ability to Ransom Swallow.

I, Minnie Leidy, do bequeath my temper to Katie Conway.

I, Gillette Bailey, do bequeath my interest in the girls to Joe Blazek.

I, Jerome Watterson, do bequeath my ability to concentrate my attention to Harvey LeBarge. (The teachers will appreciate this bequest.)

We hereby appoint Miss Rouark the executrix of this our last will and testament. In witness whereof we hereunto set our hands and seal this 28th day of May, 1920.

(SEAL.) CLASS OF 1920.

Senior Class Prophecy

DING-A-LING-A-LING went the last bell of the sixth period. The students changed classes and Miss Bear took her place at the assembly desk. It was a warm afternoon in May, and I was feeling drowsy; the words in my English book began to dance and quiver and finally disappeared; the last thing I heard was the tapping of the little bell on the assembly desk.

Some one seemed to be shaking me. I awoke in a pile of hay to find standing over me a man whose face seemed familiar. It was Russell Barrass. I jumped up in surprise and shouted, "Hello Russ, how are you?"

He drew back and said, "I don't believe I recognize you."

How bewildered I was to think that he did not know me; something must be wrong. I looked down at my feet, and lo! what worn out shoes! What ragged trousers! I put up my hand to scratch my chin and encountered a tuft of grizzly whiskers. No wonder he did not know me; I seemed a stranger to myself.

"Don't you know me? I'm Lawrence Little," I finally stammered.

"Well, well, I'm surprised," said Russ. "You've changed a lot. These must be hard times."

"Yes I've had a streak of bad luck lately," I muttered, not knowing what else to say. After a short conversation, from which I learned that Russ was a prosperous farmer, he invited me to dinner. Of course I accepted and partook ravenously, as any hungry hobo would do, of a well-cooked meal. We had finished dinner and were seated at a table talking, when a loud buzzing sound reached our ears.

"It must be an aeroplane," I exclaimed, as I rushed outside.

An aeroplane it was, coming straight for us, flying low. In the pilot's seat was a girl. As she flew over, she waved to us and dropped a parcel. She must be Luella Wallace, I thought, as I watched the plane shoot out across the valley.

"I forgot to tell you that Luella is an aviatrix now," said Russ, picking up the parcel. "She has been delivering mail on our route for some time."

I thanked him for my dinner and started down the road toward Bishop. I had gone only a short distance when I met a farmer with a load of hay. It was Bill Drew, wearing a slouch hat, and chewing an alfalfa stem. He looked a little older, but it was Bill just the same. He did not know me and I did not stop to renew the acquaintance, for coming near by was a car n which I hoped to catch a ride.

The car turned out to be a flivver, but nevertheless it pulled up beside me. At the wheel was seated a pious looking man who very courteously invited me to ride. Since the car was pretty well loaded with youngsters, I chose to ride on the running board. As we sped along toward town, I noticed something familiar about the face of the man. When he smiled, I was almost certain that I knew him, but still I did not have the courage to ask him his name.

In a short time we were in town. What a change had taken place! This was not the Bishop so familiar to me; the old town of simple dwellings, two-story buildings, and gravel streets with the green patches of grass here and

there along the edges. This was a strange city, a city of fine mansions and parks, concrete pavements and towering buildings.

As we approached the business center, the din and rush of city life became more and more apparent. Both sides of each street were lined with battalions of parked cars. The space in between was alive with traffic; autos and trucks streamed back and forth in endless chains. Multitudes of people swarmed up and down the sidewalks.

At one of the busiest corners I asked the gentleman to let me off, so he slowed down and pulled in closer to the curb. I stepped to the pavement and slipped between two glossy limousines to the sidewalk. At the wheel of the one on the left side was seated a dark haired man who was staring at me. It was George Green. How delighted I was when he shouted out a greeting and clasped my hand. Here at last was someone that knew me. Here was the same old George with the happy smile, but what was that adornment on his upper lip, a moustache? Sure enough, a moustache it was.

I asked him if he was the owner of such a fine car. He said no, that it belonged to a judge, he was only the chauffeur.

"I saw you riding with Rev. Phelps," said George. "I suppose you know that he is one of the most noted ministers in Bishop?"

"What! was that Art Phelps?" I exclaimed, "and a minister! Well, well, how did he do it?"

At that moment I happened to glance at the entrance of a near-by millinery store. Two well dressed women emerged from the shop and stepped into the auto at our right.

"Did you recognize those two?" asked George.

"One of them looked like Edith Simeral," I answered: "could the other be Minnie?"

"That's who they are. Did you not know that Edith owns that millinery store? It is the finest one in town."

"She must be well off; is that her car too?"

"No, the limousine belongs to Minnie; her husband owns a garage now. She and Edith are both well off and are both leaders in society."

"Things certainly have changed since we were in school," I remarked. "Where is Geraldine?"

"Why, haven't you heard about her? She is one of the leading elocutionists in the state. She taught in one of the universities for a while, but at present she is on a lecturing tour in the East. Here comes the judge, so I will have to go."

After George had left, I sat down on the curb to watch the numerous aeroplanes that were darting here and there overhead. I had just become nicely seated when a well built woman in the uniform of a policeman stepped up to me and asked me to move on. I failed to move right away, so she took hold of my collar and jerked me to my feet. I made a lunge to get away, but my effort was of no avail. The lady pulled a shillalah from her belt and poised it over my head. I tried to dodge, but the blow fell on my jaw, loosening two teeth. A second whack struck my head. There was a brief display of gorgeous fireworks, then everything turned to blackness.

When I came to, I found myself in a station house. Before me sat a judge; beside me stood my lady escort. Those two faces seemed mighty familiar, yet who could they be?

"Officer Bohn, make your report," roared the judge.

"I found this bum loafing on the street," said officer Bohn. "He tried to resist me, so I punished him."

"Ten dollars and ten days on bread and water," pronounced the judge. "Lock him up."

Fortunately, when I gave the judge my name, he remembered me, for he was no one but Jerome Watterson himself. He told me that since it was I, he would let me go, but I was to be careful not to commit any misdemeanor in the future.

After being released I started out to find a dentist, for by that time my teeth were giving me considerable pain. I stopped in surprise at a sign which read, "W. Bedford, Painless Dentist." I had my mind made up to go inside, but at the door I met a man rushing out with his hand over his jaw. He was moaning "never again," so I decided that it would be better not to try that dentist.

As I passed a news stand, I happened to glance at the headlines of one of the papers. Why there was Harry Guppy's name in big letters. The article was headed something like this: "Discovery by Professor Guppy, Ph. D., Opens a New Field in Scientific Research." Immediately, I stopped and grabbed a paper. From what I read I learned that Harry had become a great scientist. He was now a professor in the University of California and had recently made a series of mportant discoveries. One of them was a method of extracting mechanical energy from the rays of the sun. I had read only half a column, when the newsboy reminded me that I had not yet paid for the paper; so I put it back into the rack and moved on down the street.

Night was coming on; the electric lights were beginning to sparkle and glimmer. There were lights everywhere. Long dazzling arrays of them illuminated the tall buildings; clusters and groups were bunched here and there on both sides of the street. As I sauntered down this great white way, I became aware of pleasant odors. Of a sudden, a hungry feeling came over me. I stopped at a sign which read, "Meals at all hours, hot dogs and tamales a specialty. Gillette Bailey, Proprietor." So little Gillette was a restaurant man. I would have gone inside, but as I happened to remember that I had no money I went on in despair.

The twinkling lights of a theatre next attracted my attention. "I will see a show whether I have any money or not," I thought. I hurried past the ticket office into the theatre, and after dodging a few ushers, managed to get into the gallery.

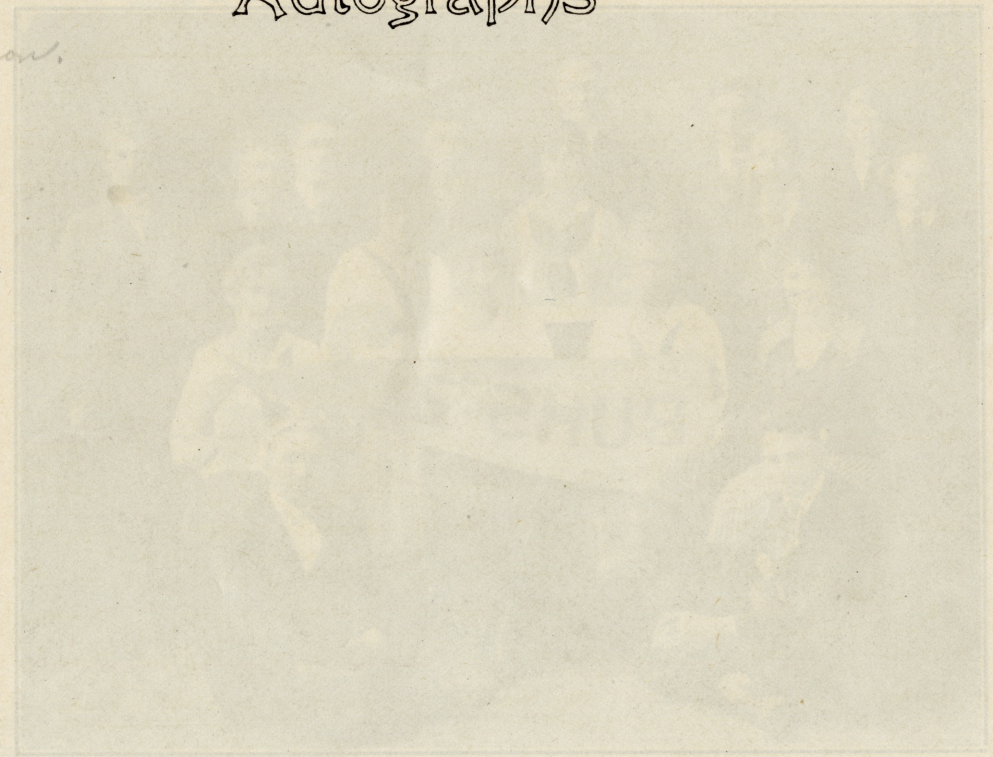
The curtain went up. Out upon the stage tripped a wonderful actress, most beautifully dressed. She looked strikingly familiar. Could it be Velma? It certainly must be. I stared with mouth and eyes wide open, but just then something happened. The lights went out and the theatre vanished. I found myself in the assembly in broad daylight, looking into a lot of laughing faces. Miss Bear was standing beside me. "Wake up," she said, "if you want to sleep, go up into the library; there's a couch there."

Horoscope

NAME	NICK-NAME	DESCRIPTION	BY-WORD	HOBBY	FUTURE OCCUPATION
Velma Alcorn	Vel	Short but Sweet	Oh, heavens!	Being stylish	Actress
Gillette Bailey	Reckless	Noticeable	Why in thunder!	Being social	Playing the hero
Russell Barrass	Russ	Manly	Search me!	Teasing the girls	Milking cows?
Wilbur Bedford	Beddie	Noisy	Let's go!	Writing poetry	Racer
Florence Bohn	Bohn	Sociable	Oh, darn!	Chatting with Drew	Traffic cop
Willie Drew	Bill	Gloomy	Don't ask me!	Trying to make a hit	Mucking hay
Harry Guppy	Gup	Studious	Dog-gon-it!	Arguing	Prof.
Minnie Leidy	Meeny	Giggling	Heck!	Riding in 37	Keeping house for a mechanic
Lawrence Little	Lit	Freckled	Oh, shucks!	Hunting big game (mice.)	Janitor
Geraldine Moser	Jerry	Sunny	Darn the luck!	Dressing neatly	Dancing instructor
Arthur Phelps	Art	Silent (?)	Criminy!	Making faces	Billiard champion
Edith Simeral	Ed	Nifty	Quit George!	Breaking hearts	Cooking for two
Luella Wallace	Squeller	Prim	Stop it!	Having a good time	Working on the highway
Jerome Watterson	Jumbo	Dignified	The dickens!	Avoiding the girls	Judge

Autographs

Enid A. Larson.



BUHS '21

JUNIOR

Junior Class Roll

OFFICERS

Paul Mayhew ..... President
Albert Ray ..... Vice President
June McIver ..... Secretary
June McMillan ..... Treasurer
Mrs. Bailey ..... Class Teacher

Lloyd Alcorn	Ajetha Dieterick	Melba Johnson	June McIver	Ransom Swallow
Joe Blazek	Jeanetta Detrick	Leora Larson	Clifton McMillan	June McMillan
Bruce Clarke	Irma Dusenbery	Paul Mayhew	Albert Ray	Mildred Shipley
Katie Conway	John Hutchison	Frank Millner	Louise Serventi	George Wenham
Dwight Cummins				

———BUHS———

The Class of '21

WHERE, oh where, are the gay young Sophomores? Safe now in the Junior Class."

The jolly Juniors met on September 7, 1919, for the purpose of organizing the class. Paul Mayhew was elected president; Albert Ray, vice-president; June McMillan, treasurer; and Jeannetta Detrick, class editor.

At the same meeting Mrs. Bailey, the class adviser, extended an invitation to the Juniors to have their first party with her at the Clark Hotel. The invitation was accepted. The night of the party, as each student entered, a tag with the name of some noted person was pinned on his back. By questioning President Wilson finally found Mrs. Wilson, Mutt found Jeff, etc., until partners for the evening were found. The old fashioned dance, Old Dan Tucker, was tried, but in vain; no one knew it, and after some mistakes which would have made Old Dan ashamed, it was given up. But musical numbers given by different members of the class and the delicious refreshments served at a late hour compensated for the loss of the dance.

Again, early in March, the Juniors held another party at the home of Jeanetta Detrick. At the time of the party an electric incubator was in operation, and as Mr. Detrick had had some sad experiences with other classes he was tempted to call the party off. But what was the use? The party was planned and he would see what kind of boys the Junior class had. Long before they left, he felt at ease, the incubator was safe. When the party broke up he was heard to say: "Well, those Juniors are sure a fine bunch."

This year the Juniors have taken much interest in athletics. The majority of boys on the football team are Juniors. In basket ball they hold the championship of the school, but why shouldn't they with such star players as Ransom Swallow, Albert Ray, Joe Blazek, Clifton McMillan, Frank Miller, Lloyd Alcorn and George Wenham? All Ransom has to do is to drop the ball through the ring and the game belongs to the Juniors.

Now the Juniors are planning to give the Seniors a————Sh! We'll tell you about that next year.

JEANETTA DETRICK.

———BUHS———

The Jolly Juniors

Say boys, the big show's on!
I'm going to try to show,
The doings of the '21 students,
As through the school they go.

Forward steps Bloe Jazek,
The boy with the yellow tie,
He'll be going to Vondie's,
In the sweet bye-and-bye,

Next comes "Shorty" Swallow,
The lad with the little feet,
He stores away more food,
Than any three can eat.

Leora, Melba and Louise,
Are smart as girls can be,
They've class pep, and get
Good marks in English three.

Now gaze on "Cats" Cummins,
The walking dictionary,
He uses with ease, such words
As "O Heck" and "apothecary."

Behold the dark-eyed vamp;
June McMillan's her name,
Just one passing look,
And you're never again the same.

Now we gaze on Alcorn,
The '21 basketball boy,
To see him shoot those goals,
Would fill your heart with joy.

Aletha dear, and Irma sweet,
Do dabble in the arts
One can draw, and one can talk,
Oh yes, they're very smart.

Who's this? Johnny Hutch,
The lad with the little frame,
He's not so very big,
But he gets there just the same.

Look who's here! 'Tis Bruce C.,
The boy who loves to dance,
He stepped out to a hop one night,
And my! how he did prance!

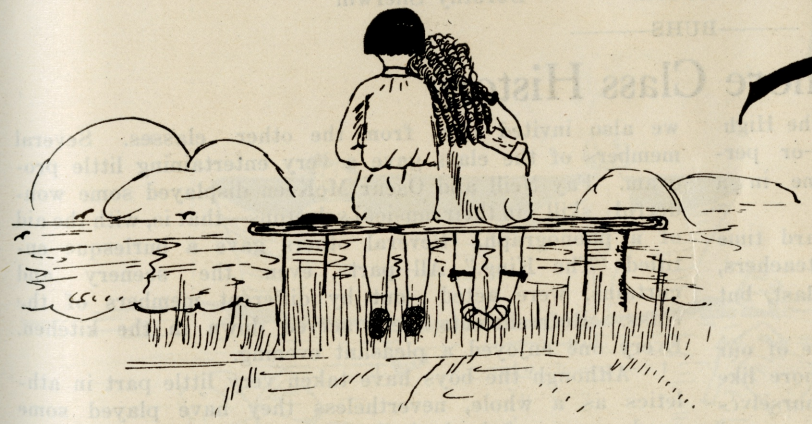
In the seat of this coupe
We see Miss June McIver,
We haven't much to say,
Only she's a one-handed driver.

"Fuzzy" Ray and Paul Mayhew,
Are two good friends we ween,
Their like has never been
Nor ever will be seen.

Look at C. McMillan;
They call him "Mac" for short,
You'll find him at the "club,"
Oh yes, he's quite a sport.

Katy short and Mildred tall,
Dress in the latest style,
What they don't wear and do,
Isn't at all worth while.

(Editor's P. S.)
There's Millner, too, in '21,
A youth most wondrous wise,
He's gracious, fine and bright,
(even his hair.)
And poet of these ————.



SOPH

Sophomore Class Roll

Elsie Banta	Laura Doty	Zelda Harness	Fay Neill	Hazel Schober
Esther Banta	Ora Drew	Gladys Johnson	Lois Parker	Doris Tichenor
Minnie Byrne	Hazel Edwards	Helen Mayhew	Louise Penney	Lloyd Wells
Florence Collett	Wilbur Edwards	Jessie Mayhew	Viola Pierce	Frances Wilder
Gladys Compton	Cassius Gustin	Genevieve McGovern	Bevet Rowan	Gladys VanFleet
Gladys Conway	Ruth Hampton	Oscar McKeen	Dorothy Sherwin	

———BUHS———

Sophomore Class History

ON the twenty-sixth of August we came into the High School assembly room thirty-five strong—or perhaps it would be better to say we came in a frightened, bashful, shaky bunch of youngsters.

When we first entered school we had a hard time getting used to new methods, such as so many teachers, different periods and rules of the assembly, and last, but not least, the long, slippery stairs.

Soon we were taken under the protecting care of our class teacher, Miss Parrish, who made us feel more like a part of the school. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves during our first year, in spite of the fact that many of our members dropped out during the influenza epidemic, the greater part being boys. On this account very little was done in boys' athletics.

This year are we slow, bashful or backward? Well no! We find ourselves better acquainted and have had no serious falls on the mud trodden stairs.

At our first class meeting we elected our officers—Fay Neill, president; Julia Carmean, treasurer; Gladys Conway, secretary.

At our first party held in the High School we invited the faculty. Owing to the scarcity of boys in the classes, we also invited boys from the other classes. Several members of the class gave a very entertaining little program. Fay Neill and Oscar McKeen displayed some wonderful skill in their musical selectons—that is, with the aid of a phonograph. Several others gave a burlesque entitled "The King." All parts, even the scenery and curtains, were acted out by different members of the class. Refreshments were served down in the kitchen. Every one enjoyed a pleasant evening.

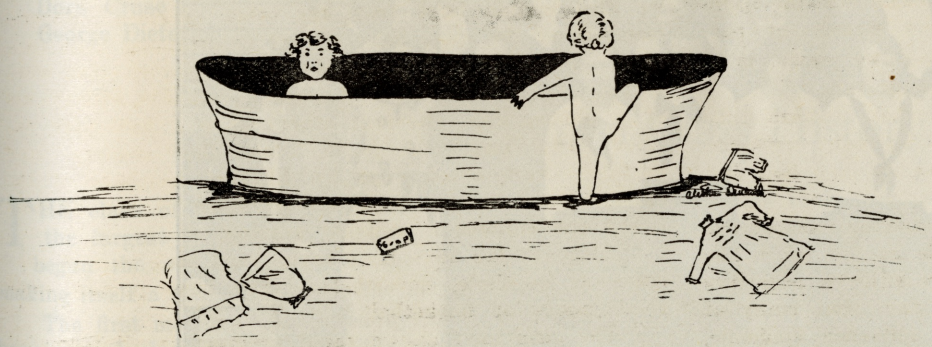
Although the boys have taken very little part in athletics as a whole, nevertheless they have played some good games of basketball.

The girls have shown rapid progress in all forms of athletics, and now hold the championship in basket ball.

Just before Christmas our class teacher, Miss Parrish, left us, owing to illness at her home. We missed her very much, until Miss Crow took her place for the remainder of the year. Then because of her interest and helpfulness we became reconciled to the change.

We can hardly say that we are glad to see our second year drawing to a close, for we have thoroughly enjoyed it, work and play equally, but we do not yet know what our Junior year holds for us. HELEN MAYHEW.

Fresh



Freshman Class Roll

Coke Wood
Ellen Shipley
Lucile Hinds
Gail Showalter
Norman Rhems
Mable Collett
Lowell Clarke
Mabel McMillan
Avis McDonald
Dora Cruse
George Dieterich
Nathan Rhine
Eddie Records
Clark Rood
Clinton Winters
Charlotte Williams
Charles Forbes
Ernest Green
Enid Larson
Ritta Johnson
Charles Mackey
Hallie Calhoun
Henry Folkel
Ronald McKeen
Louis McGovern
James Irwin
Neil Showalter
Thelma Shipley
Lucile Schooler
Lyle Smith
Rhys May
Duane Nelligan
Madge Reeder
Harvey LeBarge
Helen Johnson
Doris Lutz
George Dehy
Meredith Moser
Margaret Watterson
James Ford
Noble Harrah
William Sanford
Ben Nance
Sanford Plumley
Frank Parcher
Bernice Shipley
Lillian Swertfeger
Velma Ainsley
Claude Drew
Ruth Carter
Lillian Deyo
Revan Roberts

———BUHS———

Freshman Class History

THE class of '23, which has the distinction of being the largest class in the history of the B. U. H. S., began the school year with the avowed purpose of making itself a strong factor in the activities of the schol.

The first meeting was called by Miss Roth, who had been named class teacher. At the meeting the following were elected class officers: president, Clark Rood; vice-president, Helen Johnson; secretary, Ernest Green; treasurer, Madge Reeder, and class editor, Frank Parcher, Red and white were chosen as the class colors and 'Veni, vidi, vici," was adopted as the class motto.

The first social event of interest to the Freshmen was the reception given by the student body to the class. A varied program, in which members of the different classes took part, was followed by games and refreshments on the lawn.

In the latter part of October the Freshmen gave a party at the High School. At the close of a delightful evening refreshments were served in the Domestic Science room. As the party broke up, the fact that tomatoes were ripe was demonstrated by members of the upper classes.

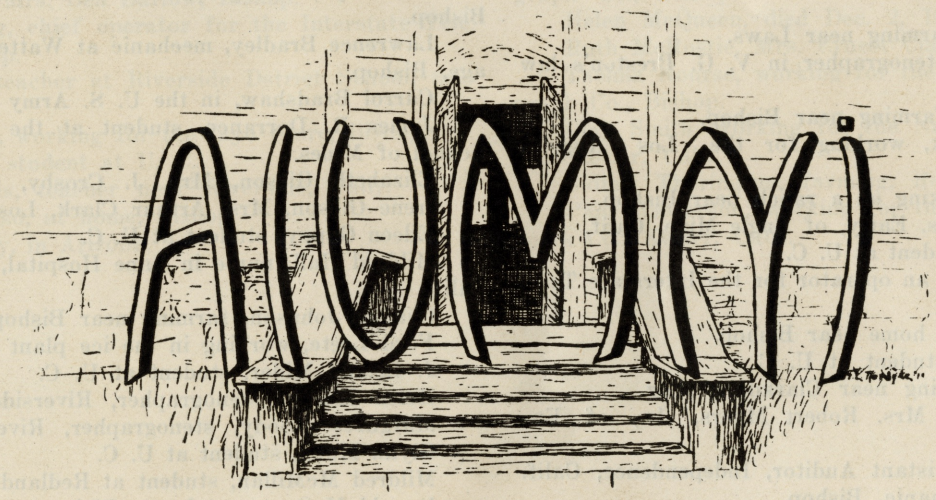
At Christmas the class gave a party for the school. An unusually good program was given by members of the class unaided. or directed by outside help. A big Christmas tree brightly illuminated and loaded with gifts which were given out by Old Santa Claus himself was the principal attraction of the evening.

In football the Freshmen made a good record, tying the Juniors, the only other strong team in the school. In basket ball they had too much weight against them so that although their playing was skillful, they lost two games out of three in the series.

A review of the year shows that the Freshmen made a good record both in attendance and scholarship. While the attendance was somewhat reduced during the year due largely to the fact that a number of the students moved from the district, the class finished the year with a creditable enrollment. Among those to leave were Roy Sullivan and Alfred Powers, who gave up their school work to join the U. S. Navy.

P. S. The Freshmen furnished one of the most notable events of the school year in Nathan Rhine's demonstration that gunpowder, sulphur, saltpeter, potassium chlorate and numerous other chemicals when combined have a distinct dislike for one another. No one knows why Nathan put the chemicals in his pocket but the history class knows why he went home.

FRANK PARCHER.



"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never bro't to min'?
Come let's recall the memories
Of days of Auld Lang Syne."

Class of '19

Glenn Barrass, farming near Laws.

Mabel Calhoun, stenographer in V. G. Preston's law office, Bishop.

Glenn Compton, farming near Bishop.

Lawrence Detrick, working for the Los Angeles Aqueduct Company.

Alton Finch, working on a ranch near Bishop.

Elva Fitchett, Mrs. Early, of Engle Mine, Calif.

Wallace Ford, student at U. C.

Margaret Harvey, an operator for the Interstate Telegraph Co., Bishop.

Frances Irwin, at home near Bishop.

Lucile Johnson, student at U. C.

Ruth Leefeld, living near Clarkdale, Ariz.

Bernice McKeen, Mrs. Robert Myers, Jr., of Encanto, California.

Laura Miller, assistant Auditor, Independence, Calif.

Glen Moser, mechanic, Bishop.

Louise Nordyke, P. G. student at B. U. H. S.

Eric Otto, student at University of Nevada, Reno.

Joseph Shelly, P. G. student at B. U. H. S.

Guinevere Sherwin, bookkeeper for Bishop Hardware and Implement Co.

Whittier Watterson, working for the Natural Soda Products Co., Keeler, Calif.

Frances Yaney, student at U. C.

Class of '18

Wayne Armstrong, student at Whittier College, Calif.

Beatrice Bernard, student at U. C.

Ides Boyd, stenographer in L. C. Hall's law office, Bishop.

Lawrence Bradley, mechanic at Watterson Bros. Garage, Bishop.

Carrol Bradshaw, in the U. S. Army at the Presidio.

James R. Dorrance, student at the Colorado State School of Mines.

Elizabeth Gibson, Mrs. J. Crosby, Chalfant, Calif.

Irene Gibson, Mrs. Arthur Clark, Los Angeles, Calif.

Eileen Guppy, student at U. C.

Mildred Hall, nurse in Lane Hospital, San Francisco. Calif.

Charles Johnson, farming near Bishop.

Ford Leete, working in the ice plant at Bishop.

J. Leland Miller, student at U. C.

Helen Moody, stenographer, Riverside.

Margaret Moody, stenographer, Riverside, Calif.

Glynn Munn, student at U. C.

Mildred McMillan, student at Redlands College, Calif.

Donald McQueen, at home, Bishop.

Frieda Otto, living near Laws.

Flossie Pitts, Mrs. Joe Andrews, Bishop.

Marvin Sherwin, student at U. C.

Arthur Wallace, student at Oregon Agricultural College.

Marie Walters, student at U. C.

Alfred Watterson, student at U. C.

Elma Yaney, student at Munson's School for Private Secretaries.

Mildred Yaney, private secretary in W. P. Yaney's Insurance Office.

Class of '17

Irene Bohn, Mrs. Ben Barlow, Bishop.

Vivian Craig, chief operator for the Interstate Telegraph Co., Bishop.

Ida Clark, teacher at Riverside Dstrict School, near Bishop.

Ellen Evans, working for the Inyo Store, Bishop.

Paul Given, student at U. C.

Hazel Harris, teacher near Riverside, Calif.

Eugenia Kelso, at home, Bishop.

Otho Kinsley, in Arizona.

Grace Mackey, living in Independence.

Gussie McGovern, operator for Interstate Telegraph Co., Bishop.

Helen McQueen, died Dec. 2, 1918.

Ruth McRostie, Mrs. Ernest Clark, of Seattle, Wash.

Thelma Nourse, working for the Western Union Telegraph Co., Bishop.

Clay Smith, working for the Natural Soda Products Co., Keeler, Calif.

Sidney Thorington, farming, Round Valley.

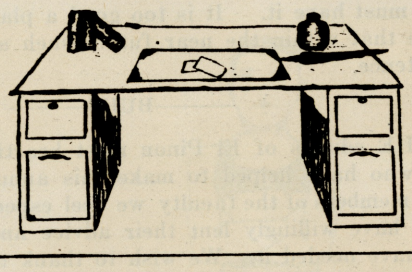
Paul Watterson, working for the Natural Soda Products Co., Keeler, Calif.

To Miss Ethel Bear, who has given us her hearty support and has untiringly aided us in the publishing of this annual, we offer our appreciation.

Editor-in-Chief, Lawrence Little. Assistant Editor, June McMillan.
Manager, Wilbur Bedford. Assistant Manager, Frank Millner.
Class Editors, Minnie Leidy, Jeanette Detrick, Helen Mayhew, Frank Parcher.
Department Editors: Art, Aletha Detrick; Domestic Science, Fay Neill; Literary, Geraldine Moser; Boys' Athletics, Russell Barrass; Girls' Athletics, Lois Parker;
Alumni, Louise Nordyke; Society, Velma Alcorn.
Joke Editors, Florence Bohn, George Wenham.

Editorial.

1920



EL PIÑON

Issued by the Associated Students
of Bishop Union High School
Bishop, California

ONE of the most urgent needs in Owens Valley and one which must receive attention, is co-operation between its high schools. By co-operation, we mean organization for the purpose of carrying on interscholastic athletics, debating and oratorical contests.

That such organization is needed, we are certain. High schools in other parts of the state and country are organized for this purpose and succeed in maintaining a school spirit. Enthusiasm and spirit seem to be sadly lacking in the high schools of Owens Valley, lacking for the very reason that they have nothing along the lines suggested to encourage school spirit. There does not even exist a spirit of rivalry. Something must be done. The valley is developing, and as it develops, the communities and hence the schools are expanding. It is now high time to take action. Surely we do not wish to be called hangers back, and have other schools hold the opinion that we are behind the times. It is up to us to hold our places with other high schools of California.

The urgency of organization in Owens Valley is emphasized by the fact that we are isolated. We are isolated from other high schools of the State, and even from those of Nevada, although Tonopah and Goldfield are much nearer than California schools. We are shut in from the rest of California by the long chain of Sierras on the west,and by the White mountains and great stretches of desert on the east.

Previous to this time, Bishop High School has been the only one in the valley which has to any extent been organized in athletics. Its teams, which have challenged some of those of Nevada, have met with considerable success. But difficulties have been encountered in challenging Nevada schools. The usual method of sending the teams has been by automobile, but the trip is always more or less rough and tiresome and it robs the fellows of a part of the vim and stamina which are always necessary in any contest.

However, there is no reason why these contests should not be held within Inyo county, not only athletic contests, but oratorical contests and debating. It would be an easy matter for the high schools to keep in touch with one another, for they are not separated by great

distances, and in the valley the communities themselves are held in close association. For the former reason, there would be no difficulty in sending the contestants from one school to another.

Of course it must be taken into consideration that the schools in the lower end of the valley are small. They might not be expected to put up a football or baseball team, but they could be represented in basketball, track, and oratorical contests. Perhaps these schools feel that since Bishop High is the largest in the valley, it would take most of the honors in each event. Such an attitude, if held at all, would be contrary to reason. Small schools have more than once been known to march away with the prize. Because a school has a large enrollment is no reason that it has the advantage. There are more students to pick from, but often individual genius is more manifest in a small school than in a large one. Above all, it is the effort of the individual that counts in oratory and debate.

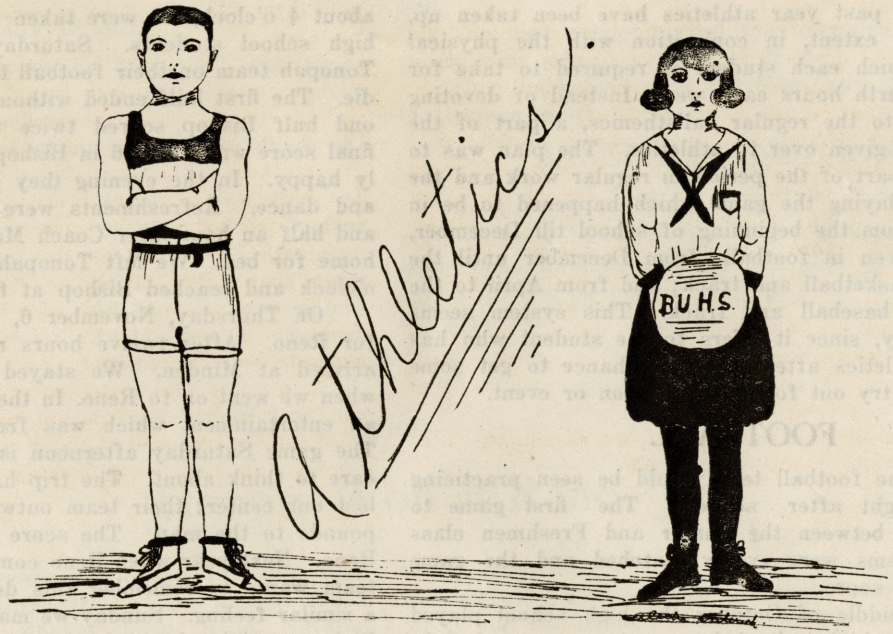
An organization for carrying on interscholastic athletics and oratorical contests in Owens Valley was proposed last fall, but for some reason, plans for carrying it out fell through. The schools need this organization and must have it. It is too good a plan to let drop. We hope that within the near future such a system will be in existence.

———BUHS———

THE editors of El Pinon most heartily thank all those who have helped to make this annual a success. To members of the faculty we feel especially grateful, for they have willingly lent their advice and assistance when we have needed it. We wish to thank those students who have helped to work on this issue, and those who have helped financially by paying their student body dues.

To our printers also, who have made every effort to comply in a most satisfactory manner with our needs and demands, we feel indebted.

A word is also due our faithful janitor, who never fails with kindly good nature to help clean up after parties and entertainments, and who takes great pride in keeping our school and grounds in good order.


Athletics
B.U.H.S.

Boys' Athletics

DURING the past year athletics have been taken up, to a great extent, in connection with the physical training which each student is required to take for two and one-fourth hours each week. Instead of devoting the whole time to the regular calisthenics, a part of the period has been given over to athletics. The plan was to spend the first part of the period in regular work and the latter part in playing the game which happened to be in season; thus, from the beginning of school till December, training was given in football; from December until the first of April, basketball and track; and from April to the end of school, baseball and track. This system seems very satisfactory, since it offers to the student who has no time for athletics after school a chance to get some practice and to try out for some position or event.

FOOTBALL

Last fall the football team could be seen practicing nearly every night after school. The first game to take place was between the Junior and Freshmen class teams. The teams were evenly matched and the game ended without a score.

Near the middle of October the high school played the Alumni. The high school boys put up a good fight and at the end of the first half the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of the high school. But in the second half the extra weight of the Alumni told on their lighter opponents and the game ended 15 to 6 in favor of the Alumni.

On October 31 the high school team went on its first joyride of the year, to Tonopah. Upon arriving there about 4 o'clock, we were taken to the homes of different high school students. Saturday afternoon we met the Tonopah team on their football field, determined to win or die. The first half ended without a score, but in the second half Bishop scored twice to Tonopah's once. The final score was 13 to 6 in Bishop's favor. We were surely happy. In the evening they gave us an entertainment and dance. Refreshments were served at eleven o'clock and half an hour later Coach Marquam started us all for home for bed. We left Tonopah Sunday morning at nine o'clock and reached Bishop at five thirty.

On Thursday, November 6, we started by automobile for Reno. After twelve hours rough mountain riding we arrived at Minden. We stayed there until Friday noon when we went on to Reno. In the evening, Reno High gave an entertainment which was free to the Bishop fellows. The game Saturday afternoon is something that we don't care to think about. The trip had been hard and we had lost our center; their team outweighed ours about twenty pounds to the man. The score was 40 to 0 in favor of Reno. Next year when Reno comes down here the football team wants to remember this defeat and let Reno suffer a similar feeling. Sunday we made the entire trip back to Bishop, arriving here about ten o'clock.

On November 14 the Tonopah team came to Bishop. We played them a very close game on Saturday, but won by a score of only 9 to 7. In the evening we gave them an entertainment and dance. Sunday they returned home, having suffered a second defeat at our hands.

A game with the Alumni was planned for Thanksgiv-

ing Day, but we enjoyed a snow storm instead. After this cold snap, enthusiasm for football slowly died away, and the season ended.

BASKET BALL

After the Christmas vacation basketball was practiced with a great deal of zeal and enthusiasm before school, at noon and after school.

The class games played about the first of March resulted as follows:

Teams	Score	In favor of
Seniors vs. Juniors	18-16	Juniors
Freshmen vs. Sophomores	26-13	Freshmen
Juniors vs. Sophomores	57-7	Juniors
Seniors vs. Freshmen	16-14	Seniors
Seniors vs. Sophomores	14-11	Seniors
Juniors vs. Freshmen	25-14	Juniors

The results of these games gave the Juniors first place, the Seniors second place, the Freshmen third place, and the Sophomores fourth place in the interclass basketball.

The high school played the town team and after a rough game won by a score of 28-26.

Then basketball was forgotten and baseball became the leading sport.

BASEBALL AND TRACK

At the time the Pinon goes to press baseball is creating considerable excitement and it is hoped that we may have some interscholastic games this spring. No class games have been played yet, but some interesting games are expected.

———BUHS———

Honors Won at Reno

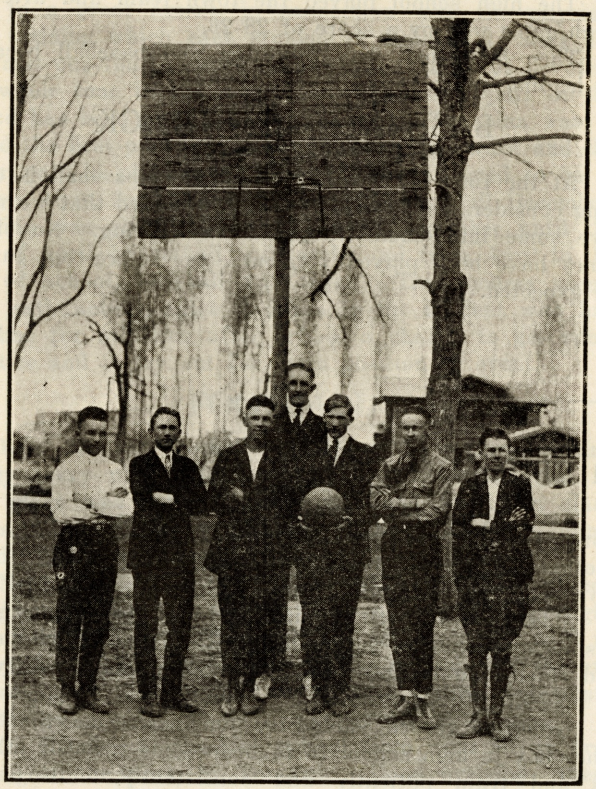
THE most notable achievement in athletics this year was the winning of three firsts in the Annual Track and Field Meet on Mackey Field, Reno, Nevada, May 7 and 8, by Gillette Bailey.

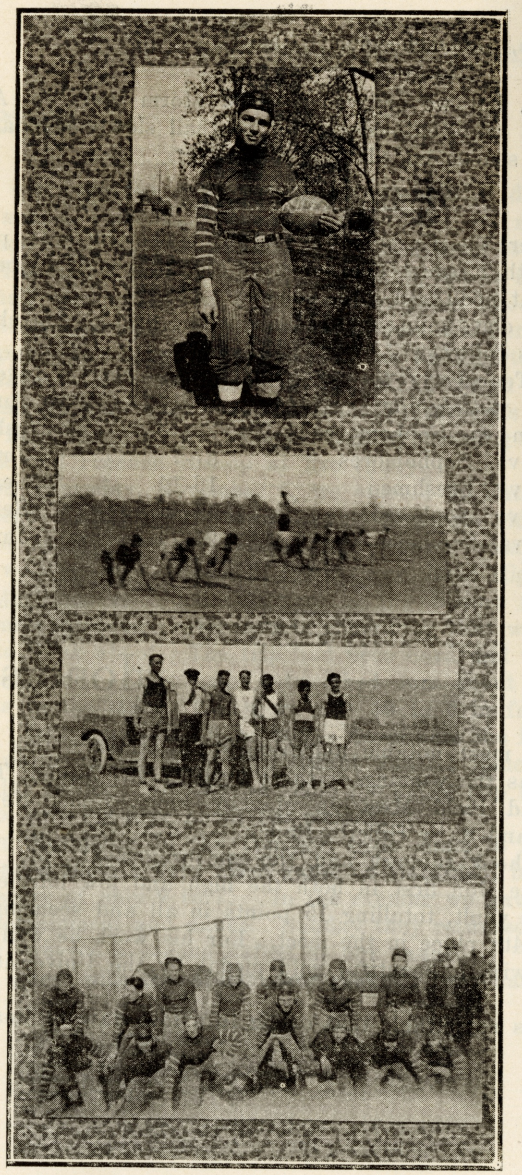
Without support and the encouragement of team mates he won first in both the high and low hurdle and the pole vault, totalling 15 points in all and securing for Bishop 4th place in the meet. For his work he was presented with a beautiful gold medal by the University of Nevada.

It is regrettable that owing to a low state of finances more men could not be sent. With the assistance of another good man or two he would have captured the silver cup for Bishop, a trophy greatly prized.

Bishop with a new building and a well-equipped gymnasium and grounds must come to the front. Silver cups and shield will be the usual thing instead of a rarity as at present.

Gillette's record should be an inspiration to every other boy in high school to take up some form of athletics and train patiently and consistently, cutting bad habits until he excels and can win credit and honor not





only to himself but also to the school and community he represents.

With such determination for accomplishment will also come some of the spirit whose absence is lamented on another page.

There is nothing succeeds like success, and nothing to arouse spirit when we have a home, students, friends and equipment worthy of support and enthusiasm.

Another event, and simultaneous with the winning of such athletic honors, was the winning of the Declamation Contest by Erma Dusenbery. We all have enjoyed Erma's reading during the past year and just knew she could do it. Her selection was from Hiawatha. There were seven contestants all together, but of course none could compare to Erma and she was awarded the gold medal.

Gillette and Erma have put us on the map this year and let it be our determination to remain there in a very conspicuous place.

Gillette graduates this year but Erma remains to win new and greater honors for old B. U. H. S., we are sure.

Three hearty cheers for Gillette and Erma.

BUHS

Girls' Athletics

GIRLS' athletics is compulsory this year. The work given on each of three days of each week is varied; one day is given to tennis, and the other two to indoor work, basketball, baseball and field events.

In the interclass games of basketball, which were played on the first of the year, the Sophomores carried off the honors.

The girls showed much interest in a field day to which they were planning to invite their mothers. Field events were to take place in the morning, lunch was to be served on the lawn at noon and interclass basketball games and tennis were to be played in the afternoon. But first came the flu, and second came the small-pox, and finally this meet had to be postponed indefinitely.

Of late, most of the physical training time has been given to tennis. Many of the girls were practicing for a tennis tournament to be played at Reno, but in this also they were disappointed, as it was not possible for them to go.

Home Economics Bulletin

LUNCHEON was served by the girls of the Domestic Science department in honor of Mr. Mark Kepple and Mr. Job Wood, distinguished guests at the Teachers' Institute held at Bishop during November. The table was decorated with red berries and autumn foliage, typical of the season. After the luncheon, the girls met the guests of honor, who complimented them highly on their ability as cooks and hostesses.

Mr. Wood, later in a letter, wrote: "To me this is the best work that can be given girls. If they learn to keep a home well, they will like homekeeping and will make a success of it. That is the real ambition of every girl. It should be the hope of every boy to have a home and a fine woman in charge of it."

* * * * * *

It's good proof that you don't take Spanish, when you say that you think the girls who take Domestic Science don't learn to cook many things. They cooked a dinner for the Spanish classes and it surely was excellent. They served it in courses and everything was done "just right."

This is only one of the many praises which were overheard after this dinner, which was held in the Domestic Art room on March nineteenth. One boy, when asked if it was a good dinner, replied that it was a "humdinger." This is the menu:

La Lista de Comida
Cocktail Nacional
Frijoles y Carne
Arroz y Escabecles-al-aceite
Parr y-mantequilla
Enchilada Espanola
Torta Espanola
Chocolate.

* * * * * * *

The girls taking the Domestic Art course at the high school are planning to give a living model display, the closing week of school. They will wear the dresses, blouses, shirts and hats made during the year.

As a result of the girls' short course in millinery, their estimates in regard to the art of making a hat have risen considerably in the last two months. Even though they have only had a few lessons, they have found how hard it is to make a hat, however plain it may be. By the way, hats are now at a premium at the Bishop Union High School. You cannot buy one for less than ninety-nine or a hundred dollars, and it is rumored that they will go higher.

FAY NEILL, '22.

My Class

There may have been other classes
It may be
Made up of lads and lasses
of degree
Which make a strong contention
That they deserve some mention
But it meets with strong dissension
Hear from me.

Not one of them is fit for
Naming here;
They wouldn't think they're "It" for
They are queer.
We're the only class that ever
Welded bonds that cannot sever
Certain to endure forever
And a year.

We've the finest and the brightest
That there are,
The loveliest and the rightest
Near or far.
We all are brave and witty
Good looking if not pretty—
We're the brightest in the city
Each a star.

A SOPHOMORE OF '22.

Can You Imagine It?

1. Laura Doty out for a joy ride.
2. Enid Larson using face powder.
3. Viola and Russell talking in Agriculture (?).
4. Viola Pierce making a hit.
5. Lawrence Little killing a mouse (?).
6. Dwight Cummins carrying a dictionary.
7. Jerome Watterson in love.
8. Johnny Hutchinson keeping quiet for one minute.
9. Margaret Watterson growing thin.
10. Minnie Leidy with a powder puff (?).
11. Edith Simeral riding in an Overland (?).
12. Russell Barrass making a date.
13. George Wenham without striped socks.
14. Lillian Deyo using anti-fat.
15. Joe Blazek without that yellow tie.
16. June McIver and Lillian Swertfeger ditching school(?).
17. Cassius Gustin without a grin on his face.
16. Claude Drew in a moonlight waltz. (Oh, my!)
19. Ronald McKeen showing speed.
20. Harry Guppy at the foot of the class.
21. Wilbur Edwards without that sagacious look and charming smile.
22. William Sanford acting dignified.

LITERARY.

The Map on the Gauntlet

SURROUNDED by a grove of tall locusts, not far back from a wide, straight, dirt highway, was an old brown weather-beaten farm house. Smoke was rising lazily from a red brick chimney which was built along one side of the big house. A number of windows, green-shuttered and with lifted green blinds, let in the warm sunlight. A vine-covered porch with great wooden pillars ran the whole length of the house.

Suddenly, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, a front door opened and a tall muscular boy appeared in the doorway. "I won't be gone long, mother," he called in a pleasant voice, "Be back by suppertime." John Haskin was a typical farmer boy, and his tanned face showed that he enjoyed outdoor life. He was clad in a blue shirt, blue overalls, and heavy work shoes. A large straw hat covered his mass of brown hair. John was going to the village to make a few purchases needed in the house. He strode off down the dusty road whistling a merry tune and thinking what a wonderful spring day it was and how the crops were almost all in, and what an uneventful life he had.

John could not think of one thing that had been real exciting in his whole life. "Gosh," he exclaimed when he was about a mile from the village, "I wish something would happen." Suddenly he heard the call of a woodpecker that was clinging to the bark of a nearby tree. "I'll bet I can hit him," muttered John to himself as he looked around on the ground to find a rock to throw at the harmless bird. Suddenly he stopped his search. What was that gray object lying by the side of the road? Forgetting all about the woodpecker, he walked over to the object and picked it up.

John was not surprised at what he found. It was a large gray leather gauntlet. He shook the dust off it and said to himself as he stuffed it in his pocket, "I wish I had the mate. This is a pretty nifty glove."

John had not gone very far towards town, when he saw walking towards him a stranger dressed in a gray suit. His small bullet-shaped head was bent towards the ground as if he were looking for something, and his small clean-shaven, evil-looking face was marred by a scowl.

As soon as John got a good look at the stranger he took a dislike to him.

The man did not look up from the ground until he was about ten feet from John. When he did, he bellowed in an aggressive manner, "Hey you! Did you find anything along this here road that does not belong to you?"

John was surprised as well as angry at the man's forwardness, and was just going to give a stinging retort in return when the man yelled at him again:

"Say you, wake up. Didn't you hear me?"

"What did you lose?" snapped John, growing angry.

"Say, but you're inquisitive ain't you?" muttered the stranger with a sneer. "None of your business anyway." With an oath he turned and marched up the road with his head bent towards the ground as before.

"Well if that don't beat all," exclaimed John looking after him. "Lost money perhaps. It couldn't be this old glove. He doesn't look as though he had any use for a big fringed gauntlet. Glad I didn't even mention it. The big stiff!"

John had made the purchases at the village and was returning home when he came upon a big yellow touring

car standing by the side of the road. A well-dressed individual was pacing up and down, thrashing around in the tall grasses that grew by the roadside. In his hand was a large goldheaded cane, and with it he poked into every tuft of grass.

"Well if this don't beat all," laughed John to himself. "If there isn't another fellow going along the road lookin' for somethin'. Only this fellow's more up-to-date. Got a big touring car." John noticed that the man, who was a giant in size, wore a well-fitting blue serge suit." "Guess I'll take the short-cut home. It's getting late anyway," John murmured to himself after he had satisfied his curiosity. So he cut off through the field, leaving the stranger to find his lost article as best he could.

"Just in time, eh, mother?" said John as he closed the dining-room door and took in the sumptous meal with his nostrils as well as with his eye.

Mrs. Haskin was just in the act of bringing a plate of piping hot biscuits from the oven. She was a medium-sized, heavy set woman, dressed in a clean blue gingham dress. Her hair was just turning gray, and her well cut face was always wreathed in a continual smile of happiness and contentment.

"You're just on the dot, son," she said. "Now wash quckly so you can get at these biscuits before they get cold."

John took the glove out of his pocket and gave it a toss for the mantlepiece over the fireplace. He turned and started for the washroom outside. But the glove in its flight just reached the edge of the mantlepiece, balanced a momen, and then fell to the hearth close to the fire.

John, and the hired man, Jim, came to the evening meal, their faces beaming after a good scrub in the cold water that ran by the house.

During the meal John told his mother and Jim about the two men he had seen walking along the road.

"Must'a lost something pretty imporant," commented Jim.

"I just wonder if both of them men was alookin' for the same thing," said Mrs. Haskin.

"I've got a hunch they was," returned Jim.

After the meal, the three talked about the latest topics of the day, before clearing off the table.

"While I was down in the village," said John, "I was talkin' to Harry Miller's brother Fred. Harry's in France you know. Well, Fred got a letter from him the other day. Harry said that he had just been over the top and his company had captured a whole line of German trenches. Fred was all excitement."

"Speakin' of Germans," spoke up Jim. "I've been a plowin' over on the north eighty all day, you know. Well 'bout two o'clock this afternoon 'Hank' Smith comes over from his place to gossip with me. When I first sot my eyes on him I knowed he had somethin' pretty excitin' to relate. 'Hey,' he yells when he gets in hailin' distance. 'Have you heard the nws?' I 'lowd I hadn't. When he got up to the fence he stuck his head up over the top barb and tole me all 'bout it. Seems as if a gang of German spies over in Wimbleton was ketched tryin' to blow up a railroad bridge when a troop train was apassin' over. Hank's brother helped ketch 'em."

His two listeners looked at him in amazement, daring not to think of what would have happened if the Germans had succeeded.

"Gettin' pretty close to home," Mrs. Haskin said hastily.

"I'll bet those spies get what's comin' to 'em," said John with a little heat, "anyway they won't be—" He stopped suddenly.

"What was you a-goin' to say?" asked Jim.

"Oh nothing," returned John, "I was just thinkin." Yes, he was thinking. He had thought that spies could do no harm in their own immediate vicinity, but suddenly he remembered the great cement storage dam in North Canyon that held back the surging waters of Mackey River. A small amount of explosives placed at the base of the dam would let, upon the helpless valley below, tons upon tons of water. If this happened, the whole of it would become a complete ruin. Oh well, the dam would be well watched in a time of this kind. John shivered at his terrible thoughts, and walked over to the fireplace to warm himself. Night had settled down and the air had a decided tang to it in spite of the early spring time.

As John stood before the fireplace and looked down at the dancing fire, he beheld the big gauntlet on the hearth. He stretched forth his hand to pick it up to show to his mother and Jim. His hand had just touched the glove when suddenly he drew it back with amazement. The glove was lyng flat on the warm hearth. On the wide gauntlet part a series of dark lines stood out from the background of gray leather.

"Come here quick!" cried John to his mother and Jim.

"What in the world have you?" asked Mrs. Haskins.

John picked up the warm glove and passed it to each of them to examine, explaining at the same time how and where he had found it.

As Jim was deeply interested in the lines on the gauntlet he took it over to the lamp to get a better look. He had just got his spectacles on straight, when he exclaimed, "They're gone! The lines have vanished."

"Gone? echoed Mrs. Haskins and John in one voice as they hurried to the lamp to investigate. Sure enough, the glove was just the same as it was when John found it on the road. The lines had completely disappeared. The three looked at each other in amazement. Of all the mysteries, this was the limit.

Suddenly John uttered a little laugh. The others looked up at him with question written all over their faces. "I've got it," he said simply, and took the glove over to the fireplace and laid it on the hearth.

A minute later the three curious people were again looking at the lines that had been brought out by the second heating. The lines covered a surface of about three square inches. Down in the lower right hand corner was a series of figures separated by two vertical lines. The figures were four, twenty-nine, and seventeen, with the two vertical lines before and after the twenty-nine.

Jim soon discovered that the figures meant April 29, 1917, because the first number was four and April is the fourth month of the year. The twenty-nine meant the twenty-ninth of April, and the seventeen was the abbreviation of the year 1917. Mrs. Haskins and John had no argument against Jim's "deduction," as he called it.

But the lines puzzled all three. It was a diagram of some sort, with a cross in the lower center andarrows leading to the cross. It was indeed a puzzle to one that did not understand technical drawing.

Just before breakfast the next morning John again heated the glove and studied on the mysterious lines. But it all remained a perfect blank to him.

Then during the meal John surprised his mother and Jim by suddenly jumping up from the table, "Hurray," he yelled triumphantly, "I've got it." Then he became silent again.

"Well, ain't you agoin' to tell us all 'bout it?" queried Jim.

John did not answer him, but said to his mother, "Mother, I am going to take Brownie and go for a ride. Let the irrigation go hang for one day. Anyway, I think I've hit on something more important, and I haven't got much time either, as it's the twenty-fifth of April now."

He left the room without his mother saying a word in protest.

Six days later there was quite a gathering at the Haskins' farmhouse. About ten people were crowded into the little living room. The Mayor of the village was there; the Sheriff and Squire White were also present.

"Come on, tell us all about it," said the Sheriff speaking to John. "Say, Squire, you oughta seen him come bustin' in my house tother day."

"Yes! Yes! tell us quick," chimed in the rest of the party.

"Well," said John modestly, "you know all about the glove from what mother has told you, but of course she didn't know that the map on the gauntlet was a diagram of the dam in North Canyon."

"The dam in the North Canyon!" every one said in surprise.

"Yes," continued John, "and of course the cross was where the Sheriff found the pile of explosives."

"The lad told me right where to go and find 'em," the Sheriff said.

"Then April 29, 1917 was the date when the charge would have gone off?" asked the Squire.

"Exactly," answered John. "That's the part of it that Jim figured out."

"Say, what was the glove doing out in the road?" asked the Squire.

"I can answer that," spoke up the sheriff, "'Pear as if Von Hyde and his side-kick were a ridin' along the road in their car tother day. For some reason the side-kick got out on the running board to get a good look at somethin' or other. When he pulled out his handkerchief the glove came with it. And one thing more. You know of that gang that was operatin' over in Wimbleton? Well, they got a lay of land over here and when they got pinched they just passed the glove on to Von Hyde to finish up. Pretty slick, eh? They told me all this when they owned up. Anyway, they're safe now in the lock-up, thanks to John. Three cheers for him, come on!"

They were given very heartily, to John's great discomfiture.

FRANK MILLNER.

———BUHS———

The Chocolate Drop

NESTLED in a big desert-like valley, called Owens Valley, lies the town of Bishop. In early days Bishop was just a mining center, a place for teamsters to stop between long hauls. But Bishop did not always stay that way; pioneer settlers came in and started ranching. Now the whole valley is a farming center. Tourists from the city learned of the beautiful snow-capped mountains with lakes and rivers on their sides; they therefore decided this was a good place for vacations. They came to hunt and fish, until now. Bishop has grown to be quite a town. With the growth of the town, more children came; new schools had to be built. Among these was the high school.

The year before the new high school was built, the boys of Bishop High put out a good football team. They played at home, and then went to Nevada to play different schools there. Among the players was a boy named Raymond Smith, a very good player. By his playing, he had built a reputation for himself. The other boys of the team elected him captain. He was looked up to by all the students and talked about, till he gradually began to think quite a bit of himself. The other boys were all enthusiastic over the new high school and planned how they would play more games in Nevada with a special coach at their head and "everything." Ray had even boasted to his friends, Jim Evans, Babe Leadingham, and Melvin Stewart that he was going to play full-back tnd that he'd "show the other fellows what real foot-ball was."

When school opened in the fall, the old students found that many new students were in their midst. There were a good many new big, husky boys who could play football and among them was a big jolly negro boy. At every smile his thick lips spread from ear to ear, showing a row of white teeth. When the boys, both old and new, began trying to get acquainted, he tried also, but they all shunned him. They even went so far as to call him names, like "Chocolate Drops" and others. He took it all in good spirit, but one could see his jolly nature was hurt by it.

At the opening of school the principal introduced to the boys the new coach, who immediately asked them to meet after school. At the appointed time all the boys who wished to try out, including the negro, were there. The coach asked them their names; when it came the negro's turn, they all had to laugh. His name was Samuel Washington Napoleon Jones, called Sam for short.

"Have you ever played before?" the coach asked Sam.

"Yes sir," he answered, "I played full-back for Fullerton High."

The coach asked all the boys the same thing. When he came to Ray, Ray said, "Yes, I am going to play full this year."

"All right," said the coach, "we will see about that."

He took them out to the field, where he had them tackling and kicking. Ray found that Sam could kick and play all around him, but he would not own up to it. He saw right away that he was likely to lose his position, so he went to the other boys and tried to incite them to anger against Sam. Altho he succeeded in bringing his close friends, Babe, Jim and Mel, to his side, he could not persuade the other boys, because he didn't know them very well. There was a large number of boys trying for positions, so no one was sure that he would make the team.

Ray wanted to win all the boys to his side, so he could keep Sam out of the team. He therefore planned to treat them. After practice he would take them down town and treat them; at night he invited them to his father's big mansion. In this way he soon had them on his side. But altho the boys were on his side, the coach was not, because he was taking a big interest in Sam. He had him kicking so that he could take the position of full.

The first game of the season was to be with Big Pine. On the coach's list of boys he wanted to play, Sam's name was on at full, but Ray was only on as a sub. This made Ray very angry, and he immediately went to his three friends for help. They were angry also because Ray had always been a friend of theirs and they had respected him. Next, the four of them got with the other

boys and soon made up a scheme. It was, that if the coach let Sam play at all, they would all quit.

At practice the coach started to put Sam at full, but the boys all went to him and told him they didn't like the negro and that they would not play with him.

"Well, you boys have lots of school pep, I must say," said the coach. "You know very well Sam is a good player and we need him to win. Very well, you boys need not play; I will use the scrub team."

This took the boys back a little, but they held to their vow.

The next day Big Pine won a victory over Bishop's scrub team. When the students heard this they were all angry at the first team boys, because they had heard about their quitting. Ray also found that he was not as popular as he had been last year. Even some of the old students were angry with him.

The next Monday when the boys came out to practice the coach asked them if they were ready to play.

They all said, "Yes, if Sam does not play."

This made the coach very angry. He tried to reason with them, but with Ray behind them, they would not give in. He told them, he had secured a game with Tonopah and if it wasn't for that, he would let them go. He also told them what a good game Sam had played in Big Pine, but this didn't turn them.

Finally came the day for them to leave for Tonopah. The names of the boys to go were printed on the board but this time, Sam's name was not there. He knew why, but he took it like a man and never said a word, even tho he had planned very much on the trip.

The boys came back victorious and were all telling what a game Ray had played. Usually after a game Ray had been praised by the students, but this time they did not say a word to him. They did not even seem to be happy over the victory. Ray was very much hurt and began to wish they had never built a new high school. He had been looked up to last year, but now he had to fight for a position, and when he did get it, nobody praised him.

The team still practiced every night, because Tonopah was soon coming to Bishop to play. Sam always came out, but when the coach put him in, all the other boys quit. Poor Sam wished very much that he could change his color.

At last the day for the game came. Tonopah arrived determined to win. The game started with Ray's playing full and Sam on the side lines. Tonopah was fighting like mad, but Bishop seemed to be going to pieces. When Ray carried the ball he did not make any yardage; he played a bad game altogether. The students began shouting, "Take Ray out and put Sam in." They said it over and over, but the coach knew if he did, the team would lie down. Sam saw how things were going. In order to hide his feelings he went into the dressing rooms to think it over.

Finally by a piece of luck, the Bishop team made a touchdown and won the game. When the boys came off the field, all of them, except Ray, were praised for their playing. Some of them even went so far as to hoot at him. This took some of the swell-headedness out of him because, after a game, he was accustomed to being talked about. He saw right away that he had made a big mistake by being so mean to Sam. He also decided to apologize to him. Of course tho, as there was only one more game, Sam wouldn't be able to play enough to get his letter.

When the boys went out to the dressing rooms, Ray was so busy thinking that he did not notice that his locker was open. He dressed and then invited the two teams down to a treat, but when he came to pay for it, he found his purse was gone; he also remembered that his locker had been open when he came from the game. He didn't say anything to the other boys till he got outside, then he said, "Fellows, while I was in the game, somebody took my purse with fifty dollars in it."

One of the boys immediately remembered that Sam had left during the game. He also remembered that Sam was not around afterwards either.

"Say boys," he said, "I bet I can tell you where Ray's money is. While the game was going on, Sam left the field and went into the locker rooms, and you noticed he wasn't around afterwards."

"That's it," they all cried, "He's trying to get even for not getting to play, but we'll fix him. We have the goods on him now because he ran away."

Ray immediately spoke up, "Yes boys, and you know I had pretty near decided to let him play in the next game, but now I will set the police on his trail and have him jugged."

"Hurrah for Ray," they all shouted. "Yes, and we'll help you."

That night the Bishop team gave the visitors a big reception. After they had nearly finished, the principal came in and said, "The next on the program will be a speech by Samuel Jones."

The boys all looked at each other andn when Sam came in, Ray jumped up and yelled, "Tak him away. He is a thief. I can prove it. While I was playing, he went in and stole fifty dollars out of my locker. Didn't he boys?"

"Yes," they all cried.

"Just a minute, boys," said the principal, "and you will find out."

At this moment the coach came in leading a town boy who always seemed to have plenty of money.

"All right, Sam," he said, "tell them the same story you told me."

"Well boys," he began, 'it was this way: I was going into the locker rooms, when I met this fellow coming out," pointing to the fellow with the coach. "He looked kind of funny, but I did not say anything till I went down and found Ray's locker broken open. Well I was feeling kind of blue over the way Ray had treated me, and I had a notion to let him go, but I immediately thought that then I would be as bad as either he or the thief. At once I jumped up and started after him. He had taken advantage of the minutes so I had to run to get in sight of him. When he got an automobile, I got in one right behind hm. He tried to mislead me, but I managed to find him every time. Finally he got in a bus for Laws and started out of town, so I hired a taxi and started after him. As the car I was in was a little faster than his, we soon caught up with him and I brought him back to town. I met the coach down there. He said for me to hurry as I would be in time for the reception. So here I am."

"Three cheers for Sam," were the cries of the boys. Immediately they all got up and surrounded him, flooding him with questions and praises.

Ray pushed his way through the mob and walking up to Sam, sad: "I wish to apologize to you. I have been very mean to you ever since you came here, and now you have come back at me, by running down a thief and securing my money for me. The next game

played, you are going to play fullback, isn't he gang?" he asked.

"Yes," was the answer.

"And what's more," he continued, "my letter goes to you. Now everybody down to Summers, the treat is on me. What's left of the fifty dollars goes to Sam."

"Hurrah for Sam," were the cries. He was hoisted on many strong shoulders and actually carried to Summers. He didn't have time even to thank Ray, but when he did, Ray wouldn't listen to him.

———BUHS———

He Didn't Want the 'scription

AN old man with a conductor's pasteboard stuck in his hat walked into a drugstore and inquired:

"Have you got any whisky?"

"Have you got any whisky?"

"Yes sir," replied the good natured, gentlemanly druggist with a wink at his customer.

"Give me half a pint."

"Have you got a doctor's prescripton?"

"No."

"Can't sell it then, sir. Jury in session, and we must be very strict."

"Where can I get a doctor?"

"I am a physician,sir," winningly responded the druggist.

"Can't you give me that—whatever you call it 'scription?"

"Well, I might," said the druggist.

The druggist then turned and filled a bottle with the precious liquid, filled out a blank, presented the bottle to the old man,and said in the most businesslike manner; "Three dollars and a half, sir."

"Three dollars and a half," gasped the feeble old man, "ain't that pretty high?"

It's our price—two dollars and a half for the prescription and a dollar for the medicine."

"Yes, well," slowly replied the wicked old duffer, putting the bottle safely in his hip pocket, "I guess I don't want the 'scription. Here's your dollar," he said, and walked out.

LLOYD ALCORN.

———BUHS———

Johnny Thompson

HOW in the world did this great tear come in your trousers?" demanded mother. "I just can't keep you looking clean."

Mrs. Thompson was a small, quiet middle-aged woman whose main care was little Johnnie. Her usually kind face had a very severe look as she examined the tear.

"I do wish you would try to be better, John," she said. "I do so want to be proud of you."

Johnny, a small lad of seven years, was the very imp of mischievousness. His little curly head was set off by a pair of innocent loking blue eyes.

"Yes mom, I don't know how—I mean I didn't mean to. You see Billy Williams is always getting us boys in trouble and can't get us out. I guess he is the troublest boy that is."

(Johnny stopped to think from lack of ideas.)

"I-er-we tried to get in the chicken house an-an-er—Johnny Williams came along and wanted us to go fishing and I fell on a rock an-an—I"

"Johnny Thompson," said his mother, "quit romancing and tell me how you tore your pants, and don't fib."

"Yessum," said John. "You see it was this way. We went down to Mammy Jones and borrowed a watermelon —an-an-she didn't like it, so we decided to come home, an-an on the way I got caught on a nail in a fence—an, I was in a hurry to come home, cause I knew you wanted me. I had Billy cut me loose,-an-an."

"That will do, John. As punishment you can go to bed for the rest of the day."

"Ah mammy, have a heart, I didn't mean it. Aw shucks. I won't do it again. Please."

On his way to bed Johnny said: "Aw grown folks are funny. They don't understand nothing. I wish I hadn't had the pants cut though." D. W. CUMMINS.

———BUHS———

Home Life

THERE are two things I simply won't stand, Mr. William T. Henderson," declared my sister, energetically, "and you've gone and done both of them this time."

I stood gaping at Miss Mary, my sister, as she laid down the law before me and at the same time brandished a broom under my nose in a reckless manner.

With a stamp of her little foot she continued, "Look on the floor by that chair. Do you see those cigar ashes?"

Meekly I turned and centered my gaze on the tiny heap of burnt cabbage leaves on the carpet.

"The very idea! You men make me tired. Now look here! See those muddy tracks on that carpet. Some more of your uncalled for forgetfulness. Why in the world didn't you wipe your muddy feet off good before you came in? And all on my spotlessly clean carpet too. Say, young man, do you know that I worked for half a day on that carpet to get it clean? And now—now," with a little sob she sank into a chair.

Gosh! I felt cheap. So I made a stagger to reestablish myself. "Now look here, Little Brown Eyes," I soothed, "I've had an awful hard day at the office and—and those darned cigar ashes just fell off so easily. Really I thought I had my hand over the cigar stand. I'm awfully sorry." With this outburst I frantically grabbed the broom and swept the ashes into a newspaper. Then I ran out into the screenroom and brought a dust pan and began sweeping up the mud I had carted in. I was just going to congratulate myself, when I heard my sister speaking again.

"Why you helpless and awkward human being you," she cried, "Give me that broom this instant. I'll let no man to interfere with my housework. Now get out."

I got. FRANK MILLNER.

Le Maison que Jean a Batie

C'est la maison que Jean a batie.
C'est la dreche qui a reste dans la maison que Jean a batie.
C'est le rat qui a mange la dreche
Qui a reste dans la maison que Jean a batie.
C'est le chat qui a tue le rat qui a mange la dreche
Qui a reste dans la maison que Jean a batie.
C'est le chien qui a tourmente le chat
Qui a tue le rat qui mange la dreche
Qui a reste dans la maison que Jean a batie.
C'est la vache avec la corne chiffonee
Qui a lance le chien qui a tourments le chat
Qui a tue le rat qui a mange la dreche
Qui a reste dans la maison que Jean a batie.
C'st la fille toute triste
Qui a trait la vache avec la corne chiffonee
Qui a lance le chien qui a tourmente le chat
Qui a tue le rat qui a mange la dreche
Qui a reste dans la maison que Jean a batie.
C'est l'homme tout dechire
Qui a baise la fille toute triste
Qui a trait la vache avec la corne chiffonee
Qui a lance le chien qui a tourmente le chat
Qui a tue le rat qui a mange la dreche
Qui a reste dans la maison que Jean a batie.
C'est le pretre tout rase et tondre
Qui a marie l'homme tut dechire
Qui a baise la fille toute triste
Qui a trait la vache avec la corne chiffonee
Qui a lance le chien qui a tourmente le chat
Qui a tue le rat qui a mange la dreche
Qui a reste dans la maison que Jean a batie.
C'est le coq qui a coqueline au matin
Qui a eveille le pretre tout rase et tondre
Qui a marie l' homme tout dechire
Qui a baise la fille tout triste
Qui a trait la vache avec la corne chiffonee
Qui a lance le chien qui a tourmente le chat
Qui a tue le rat qui a mange la dreche
Qui a reste dans la maison qui Jean a batie.
C'est le paysan qui a seme le grain
Qui a maintenu le coq qui a coqueline au matin
Qui a eveille le pretre tout rase et tondre
Qui a marie l'homme tout dechire
Qui a baise la fille toute triste
Qui a trait la vache avec la corne chiffonee
Qui a lance le chien qui a tourmente le chat
Qui a tue le rat qui a mange la dreche
Qui a reste dans la maison que Jean a batie.

Translated by French I.

———BUHS———

Agnum Mariae

Maria parvum agnum habuit,
Similis nivi erat vellus
Et ubique Maria evit,
Quoque ivit agnus suus.

Ad scholam eam secutus est,
Erat contra ordinem.
Riduerunt omnes liberi
Cum agnum hunc viderunt.

Magister eum emittebat
Sed prope expectabat;
Et aequo animo manebat.
Dum Maria veniat.

Tum cucurrit et caput posuit
In brachio Mariae.
"Non timeo," dicere voluit,
"Custodias me iniuriae."

"Cur amat Maria agnum?"
Quisque exclamabat.
"Maria, scitis, amat agnum,"
Magister respondebat.

Translated by Latin I.

Twilight

THE sun sank like a great ball of fire behind the mountains, turning the few gray clouds which overhung to burnished gold. The rugged peaks looked almost black against their brilliant background of yellow and orange. Nearer in the valley were many groups of poplar trees, which Jack Frost had painted to a bright gold, while others stood cold and naked and still against the sky. Off at one side one could hear the tinkle, tinkle of sheep bells. A band of sheep was being driven into pasture for the night. The weary dusty shepherd and his faithful dog came up in the rear. Soon all was still except for the occasional bleating of the ewes and the faint rustle of the falling leaves.

FAY NEILL.

———BUHS———

Sonnet

Old Winter's gone, the cold has passed away,
Now Spring is here. Oh how we do delight
When green grass grows once more, and into sight
A squirming, wiggling, twisting, all the day,
Fresh April air to feel, come snakies gray—
Some brown, some spotted, speckled, trimmed in white,
Some: others dappled striped in colors bright,
And gaudy. Out from bush and clump their way
They find into the open. They slip from heap
And tuft of leaves and willows round the pool,
To crawl in joy mid dandelions; to creep
In sunshine, then in shady places cool;
Then stretching 'cross the path their forms, in sleep,
They frighten teachers on their way to school.

L. L.

Spanish dinner
Part of guests

Soc
iety

Freshman Reception

THE usual annual reception to the Freshmen and new teachers was given September 10, by the upper classmen at the high school.

The president of the student body, Arthur Phelps, gave the welcoming address in a pleasing manner.

Clark Rood, representing the Freshmen, responded with one of the best speeches which has ever been given on such an occasion here.

A little skit entitled "At the Photographer's" was then put on by some of the boys. As they were dressed as ladies, their maneuvers with long trains and flowered hats made it very amusing.

Irma Dusenbery gave an Italian dialect reading which was liked so well that the audience encored her twice. After a few songs were sung by all, the guests were invited to the lawn, where every one took part in a regular merry-making time. Refreshments of delicious ice cream and cake were served about ten o'clock Thus ended the first happy acair of the Freshmen.

VELMA ALCORN.

——BUHS——

Tonopah Reception

AFTER beating Tonopah to the tune of nine to seven in football, it was as little as we could do to give them a reception.

At seven-thrty, on November the fifteenth, all the students and teachers of Bishop High met in the high school assembly hall to greet the Tonopah football team The Bishop boys did their best to show the Tonopah boys a good time, by seeing that they met all the students and teachers. All formality was done away with, and every one had an enjoyable time in general. Miss Rouark invited us all to come forward to sing. Songs such as "Tie that Goat Outside," "Three Cheers for Bishop," and "Our Men Are On the Field, Boys," showed the Tonopah boys that if the the boys could play football, the girls could sing songs. Bishop gave her yells, and ended with "Rah, Rah, Tonopah." The Tonopah boys responded with their yells, which were certainly filled with vim and ended with "Rah, Rah, Bishop."

One of the teachers announced, "Everybody go to supper in Mrs. Bailey's room. Each girl ask a boy, but remember: the Tonopah boys first." Then all of us girls made a wild rush for the Tonopah section, each girl trying to get the best looking boy. We then repaired to the kitchen, where cookies and punch were served.

"Now for the old Pinon Hall," said one of the boys. In a few minutes we were in the hall, which was beautifully decorated in orange and black. Here we danced until eleven-thirty, when sandwiches, cake and coffee were servd in cafeteria style. After supper we danced a few dances before bidding farewell to the Tonopah boys, who left for home early next morning.

KATIE CONWAY.

Armistice Day

JUST one year before November 11, 1919, the whole world rejoiced at the signing of the paper which ended hostilities between the conflicting nations. It meant that the whle world could again travel in peace. That day, November 11, was made an international holiday, and celebrated in the remotest parts of the world.

On November 11, 1919, this community put forth every effort to glorify the day which meant so much to all. As the Fraternal Brotherhood had asked all the schools to enter a float in the parade, to compete for a beautiful silk flag, the high school took a leading part. It entered a float representing the League of Nations. In the center of the float stood the League of Nations surrounded by the Goddesses of Liberty, Justice, Peace and Prosperity. At the four corners of the float stood England, France, Belgium and America. Surrounding these were thirty-six girls who represented the different allied and neutral nations.

After all the floats had passed in review, they returned to the flagpole, where the high school girls gave a May Pole dance. Each girl was chosen to represent the race of people she most resembled. In one instance a young lady wore the costume her grandmother had worn when she left Italy forty years ago. Another young lady wore Hawaiian ornaments which had been handed down from generation to generation. Please remember, however, that the young ladies who represented Hayti and Cuba were not selected for this reason.

The efforts that the faculty committee put forth for the glory of the B. U. H. S. were rewarded. B. U. H. S. won the beautiful silk flag. It was presented to the high school by Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Bodle, delegates from the Fraternal Brotherhood. JUNE MacIVER.

———BUHS———

The Trip to Keeler

EARLY on the morning of April 26 four cars filled with students of the chemistry class left for Keeler to visit the Natural Soda Works. We arrived at Keeler about eleven o'clock and were met by Superintendent Paul Watterson. Before taking us through the plant, he explained the process of making soda, in order that we might understand the plant better.

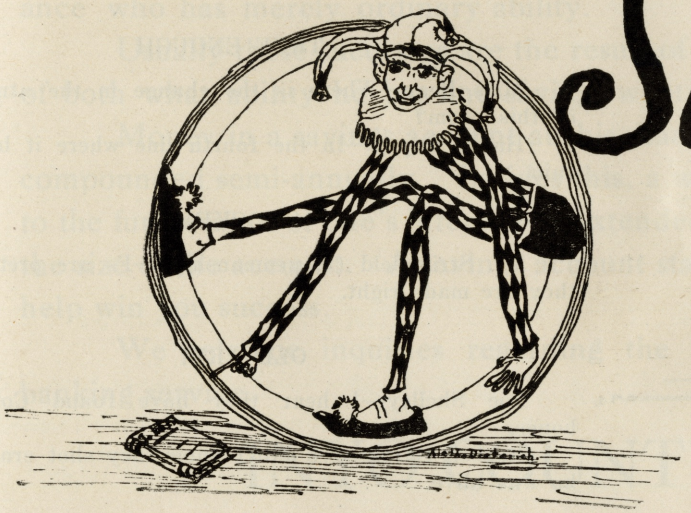
After the explanation we were first conducted up a long flight of stairs to the top of the carbonating tanks, which are filled with water from the lake. Through this water is passed gas under pressure. The solution is then filtered and the soda bicarbonate is taken to the furnaces. When it comes out of the furnaces it is a finished product. It is then sacked and ready for shipment.

After taking us through the mill, our gracious host invited us to dinner. We thought we had an exception-

ally fine dinner, but our host explained that it was only the usual thing. When every one had finished the meal, Professor Hall thanked the superintendent for this gracious treatment to us, and all the students gave three cheers for the superintendent and the cooks. Paul responded by inviting us to come down any time, and said that if we were looking for work to fill out application blanks and he would do the best he could for us.

The return trip was uneventful except for a brief stop at the fish hatchery above Independence (and some reckless driving). Upon arriving in Bishop, the students declared it had been the best chemistry lesson they ever had. Therefore they desire to thank Professor Hall very much for the opportunity he gave them to see the soda plant.

CLIFTON McMILLAN.



Jokes

1-

Hīc haec hōc
Hūius hūius hūius
Huic huic huic
Hunc hanc hōc
Hōc hāc hōc

2.

Hī hae haec
Hōrum hārum hōrum
His hīs hīs
Hōs hās haec
His hīs hīs

DID THIS HAPPEN IN B. U. H. S.?

Liz—Do you love your teacher?
Fizz—I tried to once but she got mad.

NO LIE!

You have to pay some people to be good, but others are good for nothing.

TRUE ENOUGH

Miss Bear—Where is the change in the atmosphere of this poem?

Harry Guppy—In the fourth line where it begins to rain.

SHOCKING!

Mr. Stringfield (in penmanship)—I's are pretty when they are made right.

OLD ART!

Joe Shelley—I hear they have found Columbus's bones.

Russell Barrass—I didn't know they shot craps when he was alive.

CLEVER SENIOR

Miss Bear in English IV.—Who would suffer if the King of Denmark were killed?

Velma Alcorn—The King!

Miss Crow (explaining a massacre)—And this man died just in time to save his life.

Save and Have

It is often puzzling to understand the financial success of an acquaintance who has merely ordinary ability.

Usually these successes are the result of a person making the very utmost of both what ability he has and saving what money he earns.

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We welcome inquiries regarding the advantages of our sound, helpful, banking service.

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applies just as aptly to our method of travel. People living in this twentieth century are demanding twentieth century conveyance.

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"Building Headquarters"

Bishop and Big Pine

Ode to Our Old Schoolhouse

Our schoolhouse now is just a shack,
Yes, it was built with lots of knack,
This B. U. H. S. is sure some rack,
And was probably built by Mr. Mack.

II.

Its floors and doors are all swayback,
And the chimney is hardly a good smokestack,
The stairs are steep and hard on the back.
Yet we love our schoolhouse though comfort it lack.

LLOYD ALCORN, '21.

Mrs. Bailey—Name the bones forming the skull.

Edith Simeral—I forget them for the moment but I have them in my head.

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GOOD
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CALL 19--We will do the rest

Fortune Building

SAVING is merely postponing little enjoyments and being paid—with interest—for doing so. It DOES pay to save, when you deposit your money in a savings account to earn interest. We will be glad to open an account in your name upon a deposit of One Dollar or more. It will please us greatly to see you make regular visits to this Bank to build a cash capital of your own.

Owens Valley Bank

Bishop, California

June McMillan—How do you like my singing?
Bill Drew—You are a howling success.

Edith Simeral—I saw a man once with four fingers.
Velma Alcorn—That's nothing, I have ten.

Professor Marquam—What three words are most used in the English language?
Harry Guppy (a sleepy Senior)—I don't know.
Prof.—Correct.

Miss Crow to Frank Millner in History II.—Tell about some of George Washington's experiences in battle.
F. M.—At the battle of Yorktown, Washington had three horses shot under him, and the fourth went through his clothes!

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Bishop, Cal.

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BISHOP, CAL.

West Line street Near Main

Miss Bear—Wilbur, where do you feel the most difficulty in making a speech?
Wilbur Bedford—In my knees!

Edith is an awful indifferent dancer, isn't she.
Yes, I've noticed that—she is neither with you nor against you. ....

Beddie—Say Lawrence, what makes you so skinny?
Lawrence L.—I worry.
Beddie—What do you worry about?
L. L.—About getting skinny.

Mother—Who was the caller last night?
Dora Cruse—Oh, that was only Teddy.
Mother—Well, Teddy left her pipe on the piano.

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INTERSTATE TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Two things that will take one sailing through the high school—

1.—The faculty of working.

2.—Working the faculty.

By the looks of some Juniors' socks, one would think that "escaped convicts" were visiting school.

Smoking Senior—Shall I blow you a ring?
Junior Co-ed.—Oh Harry, this is so sudden!

A CALAMITY

Back street,
Banana peel,
Fat man,
Virginia Reel.

A girl is like an aeroplane—
She costs a lot of cash,
But if you lose control of her,
There's bound to be a smash.

"Love is blind," said Irma,
To a bashful youth one night,
So he jumped right off the sofa,
And turned out the light.

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Bishop, California

SOFT DRINKS : : TOBACCOS

Remember us in your leisure moments

A Freshman Picnic

A bunch of Freshmen happy and gay,
Went on a hike one day.
They went o'er hills and by the bay
And of course lost their way.

II.

They stopped to rest beside a stream,
Of water, crystal clear.
And all the boys and all the girls,
They wished that home were near.

III.

The Freshman girls said: "Now if we
Had brought the Sophomores,
They'd know enough to get us home,
In time to do the chores."

IV.

The Freshman boys, they took alarm,
And went to look around,
And soon they found a burro path,
That led to better ground.

V.

The girls were tired, the boys were cross,
The trail was long and steep,
Thy slipped upon a bank of moss,
And tumbled in a heap.

VI.

They vowed if they ever got
Back to their homes alive;
That they would never roam, no not
Till they were forty-five.

VII.

The boys, they said, "The Sophomores,
You think they're mighty fine,
But yonder lights are Bishop's stores;
And we'll get home by nine."

VIII.

The moral now, it is so plain,
That any one would know,
That you must not go hiking 'round,
Till you've had time to grow.

ESTHER BANTA, '22.

———BUHS———

Arthur Phelps—What is the most nervous thing in the world next to—

Gillette Bailey—Me—next to a girl.

Miss Roth in Latin I.—William, please translate the following: Caesar sic dicat an de egresse lictum.

Caesar sicked the cat on the dog and I guess he licked him.

One of the four kinds of prose found in Macbeth—Endearment prose, as the letter of Macbeth to Lady Macbeth.

Ransom Swallow to Miss Crow—Is a flea an animal?

Frank Millner (from back of room)—No, it's a beast of burden.

Miss Rouark—Have you read "Freckles?"

Ronald McKeen—No ma'am, mine are brown.

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MEMBER SO. CAL. RETAIL GROCERS ASSN.

DUSEY'S UNITY STORE

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The business of keeping house and that of keeping a store are very much alike.

In both it is largely a matter of watching the little things. The housewife, to keep down the family expense, must be constantly on guard. She must be both a careful buyer and a careful spender. She must save on little things.

The storekeeper, to be successful, must also watch the little things. He must keep down his store expense in order to sell his goods to the housewife at a price she can afford to pay. He must be a careful buyer and a careful spender in order to sell to the careful buyer and spender.

This is the policy of the Unity Store—a storekeeping policy that enables the good housekeeper to save on her grocery bill, both on the little and the big items.

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The Assembly Mouse

'Twas quiet in the study hall,
All minds were on lessons intent,
When a little gray mouse came out of the wall,
On an errand of mischief bent.
He quickly ran down the aisle on the rght,
And circled around to the left,
For a frail little Junior had screamed with affright,
And scared the poor thing half to death.
Just then the teacher looked up from her book,
And hastily glanced 'round the room,
Then giving the mouse one terrified look,
She ran out and brought in the broom.
Lo, a husky young man she handed the broom,
Who banged it about by the door,
But in vain, for the mouse getting wise too soon,
Had jumped through a hole in the floor.

RUTH HAMPTON.

———BUHS———

Lloyd Alcorn—Have you forgotten you owe me five dollars?

Dwight Cummins—No, not yet; give me time and I will.

Teacher to Dwight—I'll bet that went in at one ear and out the other.

Dwight—I shouldn't wonder; there's nothing to stop it.

The business managers of El Pinon take this opportunity to thank its advertisers for their hearty support. We ask that those who have supported us may in turn receive the backing of the high school students.

NOTICE TO FRESHMEN

Please do not drop any more pennies in the joke box expecting gum to come out.

Freshman to a Senior—I sure hope that when I am your age, I shall know more than you do.

Senior—Better than that, I hope you know as much as you think you know now.

She lay on the SiO2 sand
And remarked "Yonder H2'O's grand;
But I've found in one swell
More Na Cl
Than my insides can possibly stand."—Ex.

Miss Rouark (in singing)—Why don't you boys sing louder; I want you to drown the girls.

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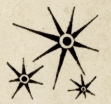

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THE JEWELER

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